

NEW YORK

JOURNAL SUMMER RESORT SUPPLEMENT

Long Branch, August 7.—After the heat of Wednesday night, a day of still greater heat in New York was too formidable; Kipling's "City of Dreadful Night" had been already outdone. Somebody suggested Long Branch, and as soon as breakfast

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

L' train and on the cinder-swept platform amidst a per-
rily, standing spring crowd of my fellow beings. I had

heard that the boat for Long Branch took
on passengers near the Barge Office.

In the shelter of that handsome building there was much sunshine, and a packed throng there sweated as it stood. Nevertheless, two men, one hook-nosed and elderly, the other broad-shouldered and truculent, were moving with hurried steps and violent gesticulations to and fro, contradicting each other at the top of their lungs, and appealing frantically to the crowd to embark, and by no means to embark, aboard the steamer whose smokestack rose yonder.

"Here you are for Long Branch; step lively if you're going!"

"That is not the boat for Long Branch; if you take that you get left!"

AT

"Oh, get off the earth. Aint you got that old booze out of you yet? Here you are for Long Branch!"

There was a gray-coated policeman present, and I consulted him as to the significance of this conflict, but he declined to commit himself. He was there to prevent a breach of the peace, not to pronounce on the merits of the argument. And though it was evident that the rivals, could they have had their way, would have been tearing at each other's cravats in a moment, yet did they force themselves to abstain from that delightful violence, and even to use words that were within the bounds of what a broad tolerance might call parliamentary; because, were one to be arrested for disorderly conduct, what would the other not accomplish in misleading the public?

But their mutual venom only waxed the more acrid for this unwilling stay. You fancied that after the stress of the wordy war was past they two would retire to some secluded spot, and there rend each other into a thousand bloody fragments. And yet, perchance, there was much of the Pickwickian spirit in their uproar; an hour hence you shall see them seated, cheek by jowl, in some cool, wave-visited retreat underneath the pier, with a watermelon and other refreshments at hand, and while the Nereids laved their feet, and Zephyr cooled their brows, they would smile amicably over the sound and fury of their late antagonism.

Their daily battle was a business, and involved nothing personal. Meanwhile, the broad-shouldered one incontinently seized upon a bystander who had no more intention of going to Long Branch than the Barge Office had, and hurried him, astonished beyond power of remonstrance, on board the ambiguous steamer, which forthwith put to sea and bore him away. And Homeric laughter shook the spectators.

Hereupon ensued peace, and the rivals were no more seen. Another steamer rolled up to the wharf, but she was going to Rockaway, and was not a bone of contention. Finally, our own appointed craft hove in sight, and I saw that I should have boarded her at the uptown wharf, inasmuch as all the nice places were already occupied. But I got the best station vacant, within three feet of the music, and under the lee of the paddle-box; so that when the first violin drew his bow the end of it entered my port ear; and on my starboard bow was the back of the neck of a gentleman weighing 300 pounds, with three wrinkles in it. Right ahead was a lady with balloon sleeves, held to their work by inferior hoops, visible against the light, like a skeleton under the X ray; and hard by was a baby who had come to cry, and was doing it amain right into its mother's ear, despite which the sound thereof well-nigh obliterated the strains of "El Capitan," which the band was discoursing.

A gentleman to windward began smoking cigarettes of a brand to which I am deeply unaddicted. On the other hand, two lovers were murmuring together somewhere, and the children, except the baby, were having a capital time; as, to tell the truth, we all were. A cool air came wafting across the crowded deck from an opalescent, smooth-heaving sea; and

against the luminous haze rose and vanished shadows of passing ships, or a black duck swam by, an easy shot, if you had had your gun; and bits of wreckage now and then drifted on the oily tide. Thus we threaded the Narrows and raised Sandy Hook on our port beam.

By the time one has run down the shank of Sandy Hook, one feels some respect for it. It was an hour long. It is not populous; it is a means, not an end, to travelers. In its light lies Pleasure Bay, whence the eastern coast starts off southward on a hook of its own. Thither, upon disembarking, we were to follow it.

I must admit that I got out at the wrong place; but I saw so much the more of the world. The boat, after I left it, continued on up the inlet; but I found myself ashore in a web of piers and bridges curving and diminishing right and left, and in the neighborhood of railway tracks and telegraph poles. There was also a large lunch pavilion, and booths for refreshments and tin-types, and a merry-go-round, and a lot of small Summer cottages. A sign told us that basket parties were welcome. Sheds for bathing were on the eastern beach, and there were a score of folks bobbing in the blue Atlantic rollers outside. Other folks fished with rod and line from the piers, and may have caught something for aught I know.

The train came, with a fatherly conductor, who took my fare indulgently, and gave me a redeemable check for it. Several stations flitted past, and then came East Long Branch, which, the conductor said, was the only Long Branch they had, and so I alighted.

Long Branch demonstrates how, starting with identical conditions, the construct-

I observed that the garments of were far less expressed in fancy of the Atlantic City people. There great crowd of onlookers here, a sartorial ambition evaporates. So the bathers put on life-preservers bobbed absurdly on the top of the The sea was calm, and human ers were nowhere visible.

Discovering anon the dawn's petite, I dressed and emerged upon the drive. Many b

along, ready to take you an cents. But it seemed less to walk. Bicycles scudded shuttles in the loom, and t vate carriages in plenty, area, but of no great height and guests were dotted alo verandas. Public restaurant the kindly ice cream and it was nowhere to be found. I toward a turn of the drive to ward, punctuated by flags and ance of pavilions.

Here the drive turns inland at r, gles to itself. There is a big hotel corner, which—there being nough more inviting in sight—I apd Could I get food there? Yes, if I traveled, and then through a into a corridor leading forward to perspectives. Still I journeyed and the corridor took a turn and itself in further perspectives. But

LONG BRANCH.

ors of watering places may produce very dissimilar results. I have lately become acquainted with Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, and Atlantic City. They differ from one another, and Long Branch differs from them all.

At Coney there is the beach, and the piers, and the Midway Plaisance, with its amusements; at Manhattan there are the two hotels and no beach, this having been destroyed by the sea wall. At Atlantic City there is the board-walk, which solves the problem how to have your cake and eat it too, for it provides an elevated promenade and yet leaves the beach untrammeled. Finally, Long Branch has a way of its own, and a good enough way for those who like it.

There is a sea wall, but instead of pushing below high water mark, as at Manhattan, it leaves a space of beach, accessible, however, only to those who have paid for bathing tickets. This beach, owing to the opposition of the sea wall and the made ground which it buttresses, is mounded up at a comparatively steep angle, and lacks the level hardness of that at Atlantic City; there is no board-walk, but, instead, a broad, well-made drive, extending for a mile or more along the shore, and afterward taking a turn inland, and continuing in its former direction, but now with a line of cottages with their enclosed lawns between it and the sea.

Long Branch is a place of residence, not of trade or of seashore amusements; it exists primarily for rich people, and not for the democracy. I confess I don't like it much, but I suppose the people for whom it was made do, though even they seemed, according to my observation, to take their pleasure somewhat sadly; having got everything in sight, they perhaps felt a human longing for something invisible. It is well to be exclusive if, like the English, you have a genius for it; if not, you presently become bored. Long Branch is thus an object lesson in the problem which just now confronts our western civilization: Is our aristocracy to be a "go" or not? To my thinking it lacks vitality and sincerity; it has no logical foothold among us, and finds nothing to do.

A few young fellows sat on the sand in their bathing suits, with arms and legs of a heroic brown. There was a tin type booth, with a specialty for bathing parties,

a short story of a long walk, rived at the office and made which gave access to a dim dimensions suitable to the There I was confronted by a s in evening dress, to whom I query as to the likelihood of "Have you registered?" ask "No," quoth I; "I am not at "You can register afterwa joined and made way for me. Indeed, there were so few vast saloon that I could under even the profane should be per wote their number. I was depu table, and served promptly w meal, regaling myself between t with the spectacle of a lady of and middle age at a nearby had a bonnet and veil, diamond gold bracelets on bare arms, cop and rings on her fingers, one of a alone worth the price of admissi to look upon it. And she so the plump hand on which looking at it was not dim.

I swallowed my last melon, rose, and after ity upon my attendant, was wa recting hands to the office des wote my name and inquired for The bill was ready, and by my pockets I succeeded in Fortunately I had secured retu to New York.

But at the long last—Long I long, whatever you may say about wise—I reached another turn in which, I was assured by a par of German lineage, would take railway station called Elberon, might be conveyed immediately York. I had had a ride on the my mind, but it was growing did not know exactly where would bring me out. Accordi the crowning mistake of the da, the steam cars, and travelling of unnecessary and stifling Cortlandt street ferry.

I am not an American aristocr I would go to Atlantic Cit to Coney, and let Long Branch a the American aristocrat knowe vacuity, and the democracy, y all events alive.

JULIAN HAWT

